The Commonweal
May 30, 1947

# Argentine Pattern

*Carey Blair*

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGENA, OHIO

# The Vision and the Veil

*David Ross King*

VOLUME XLVI 15c NUMBER 7

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# Next Week

THE ARTS IN IRELAND, by Vivian Mercier, is a remarkably succinct yet colorful account of the present state of Eire's arts and letters by an Irish newspaper editor who is at present teaching over here at Bennington College. It deals with the poets Patrick Kavanagh and Austin Clarke; the dramatists Gerard Healy and Denis Johnston; Seamus Murphy, stonecutter and author, and several others. A piece that is both neat and highly informative.

LONDON COMMENTARY, by J. L. Benvenisti, examines with great competence the food problem of England and Wales in the light of the present situation. He also takes up the present plight of the British coal industry and the relation of wages and taxes to the miner's productivity. "We may see a lot of changes yet in Britain but I doubt whether we shall see steel barons and ex-coal-magnates selling matches at the street corner . . ."

## *Also*

John C. Cort on the proposed AFL-CIO amalgamation.

John Broderick on the OSS and the German Underground.

Vincent Sheean on Sinclair Lewis's new novel on the racial problem.

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# The COMMONWEAL

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## *Churchill's European Union*

IN A WAY, the magnificent flash and beat of Winston Churchill's rhetoric has worked to his disadvantage in this country. The reaction to his pronouncements frequently resembles the Republican summing up that always followed one of Franklin Roosevelt's more apt political maneuvers. Clever, the Republicans used to say—implying that Mr. Roosevelt's deftness was an unseemly characteristic in the leader of a great Puritan Anglo-Saxon nation. Mr. Churchill is not opposed in this country by the same group that gloried in their resistance to Mr. Roosevelt's charm, but the people who do resist his suggestions (mainly the airborne Left) make use of a similar tactic. In their most generous moments, Mr. Churchill's detractors refer to him as a "great war leader," and there is usually some mention of his rhetorical talent—a double blow intended to sustain the idea that Mr. Churchill is a used-up politician whose public statements continue to be interesting from a purely language point of view. As his ideological opponents in this country see it, Mr. Churchill's way of saying things is about on a level with fox-hunting and other anachronistic nineteenth-century habits of the social class to which he belongs.

It is certainly true that Mr. Churchill formed his speaking and writing habits in another century, but it does not follow that he views the current world less clearly because of that. To Mr. Churchill, the forms of Western civilization are still recognizable and his language still applies. Those forms have not yet, as he sees it, receded into the anonymous smear that corresponds only to the odd, toneless semantics of Henry Wallace. Mr. Churchill is still talking about real things and a real civilization, and his suggestions for world direction are based on one of the oldest doctrines of Western statecraft: the doctrine of the possible. The speech he gave last week in London, in which he urged that a united Europe was the logical first move toward a world government, is the most recent example of Mr. Churchill's grounded nineteenth century way of looking at the modern world.

Mr. Churchill's approach to the question of world peace is like his rhetoric: based on recognition of real things as they happen to be. He suggests that any dreams members of the 20th century may have for themselves must be generated out of the facts. And the fact to begin with is Europe. While not opposing the United Nations idea, he sees no reason for an immediate rush to create some sort of over-state that would be a blend of the Ford Motor Company and the Soviet politbureau. Nor does he believe that Europe must be wrenched farther East or farther West. In his view, the vigor of Europe has not run out; the urge and the energy to create a unity based on a common culture and on mutual economic interests are still there.

One of the most attractive things about Mr. Churchill's European federation is that it suggests a way to accomplish many of the things at which the United Nations so far has failed. A successful United Nations organization will depend on the sacrifice of national sovereignty—an acquired habit. No nation is anxious to make that plunge at once, but participation in a European federation would familiarize both the participants and the spectators with the idea. Furthermore, there would be money in it for everybody. Mr. Churchill is not suggesting a union that would be founded on mere right thinking. He realizes that vigorous, profitable buying and selling is a necessary part of the common culture that is expected to hold the federation together. A Ruhr and a Saar federalized for the benefit of all Europeans would provide the commercial backbone for a thriving Europe. And a high level of European prosperity would eventually wash even into a resisting Spain.

What Mr. Churchill has offered the world, and particularly the nations of Europe, is a choice between rending and building. The European problem is the world problem. It cannot be solved by an unending East-West competition for parts of



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the body. The countries of Europe should be encouraged to move toward, not away from one another. Means for that movement are at hand now, but they may not long remain there. If the centrifugal motion of Europe is allowed to continue much longer, the chance will be lost. The cultural heritage will be irreparably weakened and distorted and the economic strength that could have been funneled into all Europe will have been directed to the use of a few. Those who mean it when they talk about a working peace and those who are not gun-shy in the face of his rhetoric should consider Mr. Churchill's conclusions:

"Unless some effective world super-government, for the purposes of preventing war, can be set up and begin its reign, the prospects for peace and human progress are dark and doubtful. . . . But let there be no mistake upon one point. Without a united Europe there is no prospect of world government. It is the urgent and indispensable step toward the realization of that ideal."

### *Visitors without Visas*

THE SUGGESTION of "intercitizenship" presented in these pages by Roger Picard three weeks ago was paralleled in part by Secretary Ernest Bevin at an informal luncheon in Moscow when he broached the idea to our own Secretary, General Marshall. He did not, apparently, go beyond advocating reciprocity between Britain and America in that the nationals of each could visit the country of the other without first securing visas. The General apparently did not cotton to the idea. It may have been a good lunch but hardly an auspicious enough occasion for any steps which a genial-seeming host might take to be provocative. There is, however, an additional justification of this refusal in the New York *Times* account of this little mealtime interchange which does bear further scrutiny. Secretary Marshall is reported to have replied that it was politically unfeasible at the moment; it would stir up a row in Congress. This was further explained by members of the General's entourage as fear that too many Britons might slip in and decide to stay "while immigration quotas were being strained and much effort was being made to facilitate immigration of displaced persons."

That is an extraordinary compound phrase. The strain on immigration quotas is this: in the past seven years quotas have remained 85 percent unfilled. And with the average of immigrants yearly envisaged by the quotas at 150,000, how can the 12,000 displaced persons admitted in 1946 and absorbed by 156 communities in 35 states constitute either strain or effort?

There is, of course, another explanation of this phrase—an unlikely one, perhaps, but it could make sense. It is that our Secretary of State had in mind impending enactment of the Stratton Bill and/or the Ives and Javits Bills. The first of these, endorsed in principle by Mr. Truman, the State Department and the Justice Department, would (using less than half the unfilled immigration quotas of the past seven years) admit one hundred thousand displaced persons a year for the next four years as a temporary exception to our present immigration restrictions. In order to qualify, these war victims, who are unwilling to face the hazards of repatriation to the Soviet Union, must give proof of their sound character, good health and financial responsibility. Private organizations and individuals will see to it that they do not become a public charge (they are now in the various camps which American taxpayers support in Austria, Germany and Italy). From the viewpoint of narrow national interest there is everything to gain from such a step. It does not solve all of Europe's population problems by any means but, once the United States has agreed to take her share, the displaced persons remainder will readily be apportioned to the other countries. American prestige would rise throughout the world if through the enactment of the Stratton Bill these unrepentant rebels against totalitarianism should get their chance to become self-supporting once again. So, too, with the Ives and Javits Bills admitting war orphans under 14.

In fact, much as we like that luncheon suggestion of Ernest Bevin's, it could be put off until more urgent cases are set straight.

### *Ten Good Years*

AT the very moment that mass-production farming is at its peak and still accelerating, while even the priority of water rights for small farmers established under the first Roosevelt is in jeopardy, it is distressing to note that *Free America* has just published its last issue. Rarely has an American periodical of recent times embodied a greater labor of love or piled up a more solid record of constructive pamphleteering. It is disturbing to think that an organ which continually discussed with such distinction homesteading, small business, commercial farming, co-ops, decentralism and decentralization will no longer be in the forefront of the struggle for the type of living best adapted for the flowering of the human person. Yet, as the editors themselves point out as they take their leave, the ideas for which they fought so hard all through the past ten years now have a wider currency; the family farm and the well-rounded rural community are now frequently discussed in even the slickest of the nation's publications. The group also inspired a number of persuasive books. *Free America* does present a challenge. Other periodicals which wholeheartedly admire its sense of values can keep their columns open to the men and women who have argued so well the cause of human independence and must actively undertake at all hazards to keep the *Free America* idea alive.

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*Half Way Homes*

READERS interested in the appalling plight of the mentally ill will be heartened to learn of a projected rehabilitation program sponsored by the People's Committee for Mental Hygiene of 154 Nassau Street, New York 7, N. Y. Those who have not seen the terrifying pictures of American mental institutions which *Life* published several months ago or who are not aware of the recent agitation on behalf of these woefully neglected persons should ponder two facts: every other hospital bed in this country is occupied by a mental patient; thirteen percent of those in institutions are released each year but two-fifths of these have to go back to the "snakepit" because they have not been properly rehabilitated. "Half Way Homes" plans to provide necessary transition facilities: the sort of homelike atmosphere which induces restoration of the patient's normal interests; adequate vocational training; the necessary medical and psychiatric care. A committee of prominent citizens seeks funds for establishing the first Half Way Home unit.

# Tularemia, Meliosis

THE SCIENTISTS were wonderful when Fabre described the bees, when the mad dog bit the child and Pasteur saved the child, when Einstein found that man's anthropomorphic concept of time was not God's concept of time—or timelessness. The scientists are wonderful when they are mathematicians or doctors, when they are working in pure speculation and when they are trying to protect man from the evils that surround him. But when the scientists get messed up in a war and then keep on acting after the war as if the war had never ended, they no longer are so wonderful because they are no longer scientists, they are munition makers. They are slaves to a new habit, victims of a horrid deviation.

The men who worked on atomic energy were true scientists; when they found the by-product, the bomb, and used it, they said they did so because of the war and that after the war they would make steamships run by atomic energy, heat cities, irrigate deserts. After the war, they said they would be real scientists once again. After the war they continued to work on the bomb. They now have a bigger bomb than the one they used at Nagasaki—which already was bigger than the bomb they used at Hiroshima. So now that we are at peace, the scientists continue to work as if we were at war. It has become a habit.

This week Mr. Glenn L. Martin (Aviation) spoke about the new and bigger bomb: "We don't know if we will use it in the next war. We may use it in a few special places." Because we have something better—and what we have did not get itself invented all alone—we have "atomic clouds," which drift about, bring "a lingering death," and which might drift back, on our own troops and installations. As Mr. Martin says, using an image of more primitive warfare, they might "boomerang."

There is something else which might boomerang, but this time it is scientists who are speaking (40,000 words of speaking) and so they use the term "retroactivity." The use of bacteria in warfare presents the danger of retroactivity; germs dropped somewhere may blow back in our face.

The 40,000 words are the production of the American Association of Scientific Workers. They are a present from these workers to all Scientific Workers in the World—a little Manual of Deadly Diseases and How to Spread Them:

Tularemia is a disease which has much to recommend it to those seeking potential agents of bacterial warfare. . . . The virus of measles and mumps are almost ideal choices. . . . Psittacosis or parrot's disease may be one of the most useful. . . . There is botulinus with which to pollute reservoirs; it is 10,000 times more deadly than potassium cyanide; it is easy to prepare; in a recent American outbreak the death rate was 82 percent; it is probably the least retroactive of all agents of bacteriological warfare. Meliosis, a rare glanders-like disease limited to parts of the Far East has possibilities in warfare because it is often fatal and because so little is known about it in the West.

The report goes on and on and on—serenely objective, helpful to public and private murderers. It treats with what was known on the subject up to 1942; it says that the United States is peculiarly exposed to bacteriological warfare because of its isolated position; and it proclaims that the only way to avoid disaster is to abolish war—a respectable sentiment.

The public however will see only that here is another field in which the scientists are busily at work. The cold objectivity of this report on the possibilities of bacteriological warfare (as if someone, somewhere, might think of using it against us) serves only to remind us that with an equally cold objectivity our own army services are already packing germs into bottles.

We sit here, not abolishing war, in a stupor, unafraid of atomic clouds, fearless of botulinus, meliosis, tularemia, unhappily and ineffectively conscious that it is the scientists only who are busy, and that they are busy volunteers of evil, serene servants of destruction.

We never gave them a mandate to prepare worse wars; the peoples of the world never instructed them to pursue this witches' work; they act on their own, in an automatism that contradicts the free and responsible spirit of science; they are turned now into those intelligent yet conscienceless mice whose path on other and harmless treadmills they formerly observed.

C. G. PAULDING.

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# *Argentine Pattern*

## How Perón's ambitions threaten Pan-American solidarity

*Carey Blair*

IN ORDER to understand the present government of Argentina one must know something about Presídent Perón's past record. A professional soldier by career, he has never disguised his intense admiration for German militarism. He was sent to Germany as Military Attaché in 1939, and in 1940 he entered Paris with the victorious German armies, an incident that is said to have left a lasting impression on him.

Back in Buenos Aires, he soon carved out a name for himself in politics. Juan Domingo Perón has an extraordinarily attractive personality and knows how to appeal to Argentina's man in the street. His speeches, moreover, have from the beginning made it perfectly plain where he stood and what he wanted for his country. In a speech delivered on July 10, 1944, at La Plata University, he stated that ". . . in international disputes, the reliability and scope of diplomatic action will increase in proportion to the degree of force available." And, referring to German military successes, he continued: ". . . Then, with [German diplomacy] backed by the tremendous force that the Third Reich had succeeded in creating, Austria was annexed." The idea clearly outlined in this speech has, as we shall see from the record, remained his pattern for Argentina.

Now, in order to build up the force that Presídent Perón stresses as the ideal support for diplomatic action, an instrument is required. That instrument is the Five-Year Plan, about which more will be said later. And the ultimate objective for which the instrument will be used is outlined in a speech delivered by one of Perón's Ministers, Major Fernando Estrada, on July 8, 1944. "You can be certain," said the Major, ". . . that Argentina will occupy in South America the leading position that is her right."

However, in order to secure the backing of the Argentine people for his short-term objective, the Five-Year Plan, Perón had to comply with the formalities that go with democracy. Unlike Hitler or Stalin, Presídent Perón claims to be a democrat and repudiates totalitarian methods. So, an election was needed to ratify his program and confirm his standing with his own people. This makes it important to scrutinize the validity of the 1946 election.

Much misleading information has circulated in regard to this election. It has been alleged that the voting was fraudulent, being neither free nor secret. There is no evidence whatever of that. In actual fact, the Army took over the polling arrangements and the result was probably the freest, fairest election day yet witnessed in Argentina.

Then comes the real issue: a genuinely free election (as opposed to election day) implies liberty for all candidates to present their points of view to the nation with equal facility and freedom. That is the basic test, and that is precisely what did not occur in Argentina. For Presídent Perón, while observing the outward forms, saw to it that every kind of backstage pressure was brought to bear on behalf of his candidature.

The methods used were varied and effective. During the pre-electoral period, known opponents of the Government were beaten up and held at revolver point by organized bands of thugs, while the police were conveniently looking the other way. Others were detained. Shots were fired by "unknown persons" at the Opposition candidate's train. Use of the radio was denied to the Opposition. The Opposition press, cleverly muzzled by legal devices, was unable to tell the facts about various members of the Government. It was also forbidden to make a single reference to the innumerable acts of violence committed against the Opposition's supporters. No abuse was too foul for use against various Catholics and members of Argentina's historic Radical Party who opposed Perón, but they were prevented from making any effective reply. Bribery also reached monumental proportions during the pre-electoral period.

Admittedly, Mr. Braden and the communists, from their widely differing angles, gave the Opposition the kiss of death in the shape of their support. The former made the mistake of descending into the political arena. He thereby presented President Perón with the very slogan the latter needed, in the shape of "Braden or Perón?" The communists instinctively repel the vast mass of Argentines, and helped to throw many a wavering vote into the opposite camp. But the fact remains that the election was not fundamentally fair or free in the real sense of



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the word, and the methods used by government supporters were the methods favored by communists and nazis.

To achieve his ends, the President found it necessary to curtail Argentine liberties by the same skilful backstage methods used in other spheres. The most formidable adversary was, of course, the Argentine press. The latter has an outstanding reputation far beyond Argentina's frontiers. *La Prensa* and *La Nacion* rank with the world's greatest dailies, informing their readers with a fulness and impartiality rare in the present age. There are also a host of other papers that from the first understood the challenge to Argentine traditions and liberties. The President knew what was at stake and hit hard.

Here again open totalitarian methods could not be used. In theory, the press enjoys full liberty. But the official interpretation of liberty is perhaps best understood by extracts from recent speeches by the Minister of the Interior, Señor Borlenghi, and President Perón himself. The former stated publicly not long ago that unless there is a change of heart, action will be taken to "stop the Opposition press's efforts to deceive the people." The President, referring to the same press, was equally blunt. "It is necessary," he declared, "that they suffer the natural punishment of him who always tells lies. . . . We must not buy them nor place advertisements in them. If we do that with all of them, the workers will see that before six months those papers are going to write exactly the opposite of what they are writing today." And sure enough, an officially organized "popular" boycott campaign was launched with every kind of high-pressure and coercive tactics.

The main attack has been directed against *La Prensa* and *La Nacion*. Lawsuits were filed by " a private citizen," claiming non-payment of duty on newsprint. (This had never been paid in virtue of a law exempting from duty newsprint used for cultural purposes.) Had the suits succeeded, the arrears of fines applicable would have driven these two great dailies out of business, which was of course exactly what was intended. However, both were dismissed. It remains to be seen whether the boycott campaign succeeds any better.

Other methods, too, have been used. Newsprint stocks have been taken by the government and given to "suitable" newspapers. *Critica,* a leading Opposition organ, found that it could no longer obtain its usual bank credits. Foreign correspondents who dare to tell the full facts have been bitterly attacked and in more than one case expulsion has been suggested. A large number of lawsuits are pending against individual journalists and other writers on the strength of a decree that reads as follows: "Anyone who threatens, injures or in any way offends the dignity or respect of a public functionary in the exercise of his functions or while performing them, is punishable by imprisonment." The implications and scope of such wording can be imagined.

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Dismissal or retirement of university professors and instructors has become a commonplace, while numbers of their colleagues have resigned in protest. More than 1,150 have been affected in this way, including a number of well known Catholic figures. In his letter of resignation one eminent Catholic professor refers to the totalitarian character of the university position in Argentina and notes its similarity to the position in German universities under Hitler. Most striking of all, the Supreme Court has for the first time in Argentine history been impeached by the Chamber of Deputies for improper fulfilment of duty, one of the Government's spokesmen declaring that the removal of the Justices was "an aspiration of the workmen's unions."

Unfortunately, many Argentine Catholic leaders have identified themselves with the administration. During the election the bishops issued a collective pastoral letter urging support of the Government's candidates, in view of the Opposition's short-sighted refusal to allow religious teaching in public schools. The Vicar General of Parana even issued a circular to members of Catholic Action in that diocese, threatening to excommunicate those who failed to heed the bishops' injunctions. Priests like Father Mainvielle, Father Castellani, S.J., and Father Filippo are allowed to give enthusiastic support to the Government. Such support has even been accompanied by bitter anti-Semitic outbursts and attacks on the United States, on their part. But swift action is almost invariably taken against any priest who criticizes the subtle pressure that has crept into public life. This appearance of one-sided subservience to the Government on the part of so many leading Argentine Catholics has led to a growth of anti-clericalism that is not an Argentine tradition. A smaller group of Catholics fear the outcome of a policy that has all too often led the Church to be identified with the present régime.

One of the major causes for anxiety among Argentines is the new law of November 29, 1946, creating an Air Ministry. Article 1 stipulates that in peacetime all Argentine citizens, without distinction of sex, are liable for national defense service from the age of twelve. Article 2 states that military service consists of three periods: 1. Pre-conscription, for citizens between the ages of 12 and 20; 2. Conscription, for citizens attaining the age of 20; and 3. Post-conscription, for citizens who have finished their period of con-

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scription and not yet reached the age of 50. Article 3 refers to the Women's Auxiliary Service, in which Argentine women are to serve in peacetime, at the Government's discretion.

The above is an Argentine law, but many Argentines consider its spirit Russian or German rather than Argentine. They are anxiously wondering whether their country is not headed for an era of militarism and re-armament strangely akin to the 1930's in Hitler's Third Reich. The President was recently reported in the New York *Times* as saying that the Argentine army must be modernized and that "perhaps eventually certain industries for armaments and materials of war" will have to be built up. To Argentines, the last part of this has an ironical ring, for they know that armament works either already exist or are under construction.

Representative Santander, addressing the Chamber of Deputies on November 28, 1946, summed up the feelings of a large number of his fellow-countrymen, when he declared: ". . . However, the most alarming feature is this penetration into civil life of what appears to be an attempt to give our people . . . a spirit that is not ours, a spirit that I would term warlike and that is alienating us from our history and traditions."

He then proceeded to quote from a circular put out by government supporters. This circular states that the Argentine Government must necessarily be "an inflexible dictatorship," while Argentines would have "first to work and then to obey." The circular went on to state that Argentina would have to "work harder and sacrifice more than any other nation. Only thus can the armaments program, indispensable for conquering the continent, be put through."

In conclusion, Representative Santander said that the Government had "yielded to the temptation of militarizing the nation and turning it into an immense barracks."

Exactly the same tendencies can be observed in the economic sphere. The Five-Year Plan now forms the basis of the government's economic aspirations. As was the case with Russia, it aims at industrializing the nation by building up iron, steel, chemical and machine industries. Plans for national defense and foreign affairs will remain confidential. Excluding national defense, the Five-Year Plan is scheduled to cost $1,666,000,000, but the President claims that it will pay for itself many times over.

Special privileges will be accorded companies that agree to limit return on capital to 5 percent and use profits in excess of this figure to buy out existing shareholders, issuing "workers shares" in their place. In this way the workers will eventually be the sole owners of such undertakings.

The President has power to increase customs duties by 50 percent or 100 percent, place duties up to 25 percent on articles now imported free. He is also empowered to fix import quotas, guarantee local industries an 8 percent return and to control stocks of raw and semi-manufactured materials. Export and import control is already in force and many Argentine businessmen are in despair, as government is now entirely by decree and it is impossible to know what the next day's decrees will bring. With the administration in possession of such sweeping powers, the business community lives in a state of absolute uncertainty.

The Government controls Argentine foreign trade through the Central Bank and the Argentine Institute for Trade Promotion. The latter handles Argentina's leading exports, has negotiated trade treaties with a number of nations and is now handling an increasing share of the nation's imports. The latter are regulated by various methods, such as quotas and different exchange rates, which was such a favorite device in the Third Reich. The peso rate for purchases abroad now varies from $0.20 to $0.268. Thus the Government is in a position to harness imports for its own purposes.

One of its primary aims is to finance the Five-Year Plan. Control of imports would prove a valuable source of profits. But bulk purchasing is already providing immense profits for the administration. Wheat is bought at $1.38 a bushel for the first 331 tons and $1.22 thereafter, but the resale price for wheat exports is $2.84. It has on occasion risen as high as $3.56 a bushel. Similar profits are made on the purchase and resale abroad of corn, linseed, hides, vegetable oils and quebracho. In this way the Government now handles most exports of agricultural produce. At the present rate all foreign trade will soon be state-controlled.

This policy is unpopular with the farming community and with some other Latin American nations. Bitter complaints have been voiced by the former concerning the low prices paid by the administration, as opposed to the resale prices obtained abroad. Brazilian papers have been outspoken in their attacks on the prices demanded for Argentine food. But the Five-Year Plan needs financing and state-control of foreign trade has come to stay.

★

Even more interesting is the Government's policy as regards trade treaties. The Chilean treaty provided Chile with credits totaling $175,000,000. These credits are to be used for developing communications between the two countries, as well as for industries supplying goods required by Argentina. A comprehensive exchange of products is scheduled. Many Chileans have expressed their fear that the treaty, once ratified, will tie Chile's economy to Argentina's

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apron-strings and may even be very dangerous to Chile's interests. But in reality it is nothing more or less than a cornerstone in an edifice which President Perón is carefully constructing. That edifice is a bloc of South American nations, under Argentine leadership, and that bloc will be directed against the United States.

Pressure is now being brought to bear on Bolivia. The Bolivian Government is not in favor with the present Argentine régime and not long ago the latter signified its displeasure. Bolivia is largely dependent upon Argentine wheat and meat. Suddenly Buenos Aires discovered that the freight cars used to convey Bolivia's wheat and meat were "unsafe" and supplies were held up. Very soon Bolivia was faced with serious difficulties and only prompt action in Washington saved the situation. This despite the fact that the freight cars were safe enough to move food across Bolivia to Chile all through this same period.

According to the latest information, Argentina is offering Bolivia substantial credits and is prepared to buy 8,000 tons of Bolivian tin at 76 cents a pound. United States officials negotiating for Bolivian tin, have thus far been unwilling to pay so high a price. As Argentine tin requirements are far less than 8,000 tons, the balance will almost certainly be re-sold abroad, possibly to the United States. The implications of this deal should not be overlooked.

Argentina has recently dispatched missions all over Latin America. More trade treaties are being negotiated. Cultural links are being forged. All this is, of course, Argentina's right. Nor would it be of any concern to the United States, were it not that a great deal of this activity is aimed directly against the United States. During extensive travels in Latin America, the writer found discreet, but deliberate anti-American forces at work on all sides. Nor was it any secret that this activity emanates from two sources—Moscow and Buenos Aires. And, for those who are willing to see, the reason is as plain in the one case as in the other.

*

President Perón's relations with Russia and the Argentine communists are, accordingly, of very special interest. He has before now been accused of flirting with Russia, and even acting as Russia's outpost in the Western Hemisphere. That is an inaccurate over-simplification. A man of the President's background and experience could not fail to be a strong anti-communist, hostile to all that Russia stands for. But unfortunately the record also shows that he is quite willing to use communists when it suits him, in order to further his anti-American schemes.

Argentine communists have never been strong. After opposing Perón at the last elections, they did an abrupt about-face. So abrupt, in fact, that they became a laughing-stock. Clearly, orders had been received to support Perón. At exactly the same moment the entire Latin American communist press also went into reverse. Since then it has done an exceedingly smart job of praising the President, usually by inference, and attacking all his opponents. He is thus depicted as the champion, not only of the Argentine workers, but of all Latin America, against capitalist oppression and above all, the United States. Moscow knows a useful ally when it sees one.

Relations with the Soviet Union have varied considerably. Last year they were extremely cordial. Diplomatic relations were resumed, trade missions exchanged and plans made for a trade treaty. But the latter is still in the air. Recently both the Soviet Union and the communists have been under heavy fire in Buenos Aires and relations have cooled off. The Russians have even protested certain attacks in the government-controlled press. The President is believed in some quarters to be concerned at a recent increase in communist influence within the unions. For a long time communist propaganda was allowed a free hand, despite official warnings not to infiltrate the unions. However, Ambassador Cantoni is taking a staff of 98 with him to Moscow, where negotiations are to be resumed. And relations may improve again.

The following two incidents are an indication of the tacit understanding that has prevailed between the Argentine Government and the communists. Recently, when the Assistant Controller of Customs, Dr. Requejo, had occasion to board the *SS Akademik Krilov* to help clear her cargo, he found, amongst other things, a quantity of boxes containing lavishly gotten-up Soviet propaganda material in Spanish. And not long ago Señor Haedo, of the *Banco de Credito Industrial*, informed one Guillermo Kupferschmidt that orders had been received from the government-controlled *Banco Central* to discount bills for various communist publications, such as *Problemas*, etc. . . . It is also worth noting that Kupferschmidt, who was to present the bills, was on the Allied Black List during the war.

Sometimes the government's relations with the Argentine Communist Party are good. Sometimes the police raid communist meetings and arrest Party members wholesale. Doubtless, communist enterprises are under close surveillance, for it would be stupid to imagine that at heart the President likes their activities. But the fact remains that he can continue to make excellent use not only of Argentine communists but of all Latin American communists, just as Moscow can make use of him. Communists all over the continent have been of great assistance to him in

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countries such as Brazil, Uruguay and Chile, where the Communist Party has a real following. They are able to soften local working-class opinion towards the present Argentine régime and its aims, while collaborating in undermining American influence wherever possible. Equally, Moscow is delighted to find so resolute an opponent of United States influence in a leading position in the Western Hemisphere.

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All this fits into a single pattern. Anti-American feeling was a reality in Argentina long before President Perón came to power. Argentine militarism has fostered anti-American sentiments over a long period and has, not unnaturally, profited by American mistakes. The latter have helped President Perón to win much of the popular support that he undoubtedly commands. Many of his measures are social reforms that were long overdue. But his over-all policy indicates plainly that he intends to build an Argentina that will be National Socialist, and that he is laying the foundations for such a state as quickly as possible. Much of his blueprint has been borrowed from Russia and from the Third Reich that he knew so well.

The President's main objective, however, lies outside Argentina's borders. He needs his Five-Year Plan to industrialize Argentina and create an armament industry He needs an armament industry to give his country the military power that he has called the only effective backing for diplomatic action. He needs the military power and the diplomatic action in order to build and control his projected bloc of South American nations. And in that project lies the real challenge to America, to American interests and America's friends in the Western Hemisphere.

The price of this scheme today is the liberty of the Argentine people. Tomorrow it may be the liberty of Argentina's neighbors that will be at stake. The threat is one that has not yet been understood in the United States. Attention has been focused upon President Perón's personal friends and associates, such as the Germans, Staud and Frude, whom he continues to protect, despite U.S. State Department evidence that they are notorious nazis. But that is a minor issue. The real issue is that Argentine plans, as elaborated by President Perón, constitute a threat to freedom throughout South America, with the most dangerous type of political militarism in the offing.

Argentina is the land of San Martín. That great national hero once declared, referring to a tyranny of long ago: "I cannot approve of General Rosas's conduct, when I behold his persecution of the most honorable men in our country." Warning his fellow-countrymen, he also said: "I fear that when you tire of anarchy, you will sigh for tyranny and accept the first successful adventurer who may present himself."

The same proud spirit of freedom lives on in the words of Dr. Roberto Repetto, former President of the Supreme Court, when he referred to the impeachment charges against a Supreme Court whose members had to be removed because of their impartiality.

His final admonition: "Your Honors should not blemish your initial acts by annulling the autonomy of the judicial power which implies the grave responsibility of abolishing order and justice in the Republic. If this were to happen the political, legal and social structure of the nation would be destroyed and with it the illustrious tradition of liberty which comes from the generous depths of our history."

More than a century separates the words of San Martín from the words of Dr. Repetto. But they both belong to the same immortal Argentine tradition. They speak of an Argentina that may soon belong to history and whose passing will leave all Americans far poorer than is now realized.

# *The Vision and the Veil*

***David Ross King***

"FOLLOW THE CROWDS . . . to the people's novena," the half-page ad invited. Into memory rushed an invitation from the Gospel: "Follow *me*," and from the book of Apocalypse the picture of those who follow the Lamb wherever he goes. Sheep and lambs, following a Shepherd-Lamb. Where was he leading?

The use of animals as symbols in sacred scripture offers striking evidence of the greater reverence for all God's creatures that distinguished the inspired writers from modern man and breathes their love for all orders of God's lovely, lovable, interrelated creation. The same spirit animated the early Christians who did not hesitate to make a fish stand for the Lord. How unaffected, refreshing, and admirable an acceptance of a material sign for its Maker! One wonders where in

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modern Catholic life may be found a parallel, or a Catholic, except a rare and wondrous Léon Bloy, who would not be accused of irreverence were he to employ so lowly a creature to express its Lord.

Particularly significant are the scriptural Lamb and its strong appeal to the early Christians. The Slain Lamb of the Apocalypse was appreciated and loved in times when concepts wholly theological and mystical were appreciated and loved. The vision of Saint John is more magnificent than any paraphrase could be:

> Then I saw, in the midst, where the throne was, amid the twenty-four elders, a Lamb standing upright, yet slain (as I thought) in sacrifice. He had seven horns, and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God, that go out to do his bidding everywhere on earth. He now came, and took the scroll from the right hand of him who sat on the throne, and when he disclosed it, the four living figures and the twenty-four elders fell down in the Lamb's presence. Each bore a harp, and they had golden bowls full of incense, the prayers of the saints. And now it was a new hymn they sang, Thou, Lord, art worthy to take up the book and break the seals that are on it. Thou wast slain in sacrifice; out of every tribe, every language, every people, every nation thou has ransomed us with thy blood and given us to God. Thou hast made us a royal race of priests, to serve God; we shall reign as kings over the earth. Then I heard, in my vision, the voices of a multitude of angels, standing on every side of the throne, where the living figures and the elders were, in thousands of thousands, and crying aloud, Power and Godhead, wisdom and strength, honour and glory and blessing are his by right, the Lamb that was slain. And every creature in heaven and earth, and under the earth, and on the sea, and all that is in it, I heard crying out together, Blessing and honour and glory and power, through endless ages, to him who sits on the throne, and to the Lamb. Then the four living figures said, Amen; and the twenty-four elders fell prostrate, worshipping him who lives for ever and ever. (v, 6-14)

Here is "the Lamb, the ruler of the earth," whom Isaias (xvi, 1) besought God to send forth, upon whom rests the sevenfold spirit (xi, 1-3), the victim whose enemies Jeremias foreheard shouting that his name be blotted from memory (xi, 19), yet who, having been meek and silent in the sacrifice, is become magnificent and awful, "endowed," as Saint Peter proclaimed, "with glory" (I, i, 21).

A vision virtually without parallel in splendor!

In the Lamb slain yet triumphant we behold Christ in his central role: Savior and Mediator of mankind. By the fine coinage of his blood is man purchased; wherefore is the Lamb glorified, to remain Mediator. The sacrificial role of Christ, his *operatio ad extra,* is thus exquisitely expressed in the slain Lamb of prophecy and apocalypse. Even references to the purity of the Lamb are intended to show his perfection of *being* as chosen victim; the meekness and silence to illustrate perfection in carrying out his mission.

The Lamb is a realistic representation of what the Lord *is* (not how he looked). Christians honestly contemplating the Lamb are affected realistically; like the saints of Saint John's vision, they are at once humbled and exalted, at once made aware of sin and its ravages, of redemption and its effects. Saint John's enthroned Lamb, hymned by angels and saints, is an invigorating object of devotion: it means something.

Modern handling of the Lamb-motive is symptomatic. Devotional literature, prayer books, religious pictures in too great number present only a "pure, innocent, little white lamb." Pure of course (not negatively, as merely devoid of sin, but positively, as very holiness), and innocent as no other. But why "little"? Here is an instance of the shallowness of modern devotionalism: a deceptive, rather than realistic and mystical (than which nothing is more realistic) approach to the Savior, a throwing of the veil of sentimentality about truth lest it be faced in its stark and terrible directness.

Behold the delicate, pastel Lamb! Behold him who exists to make us feel good inside! Behold him curled comfortably upon the book ("a Lamb standing upright")! Behold the man-like face, Landseer-inspired ("A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," "What Are You Thinking?")! This is the Lamb of so many altars and "holy" cards (Does the subject alone make a picture holy? What makes the posters of the League of the Godless blasphemous?): escapist, a turning of the back upon supernatural realities—Lambs from the enchanted woods of Walt Disney, not from the God-rent heavens of Saint John.

I remember well a Lamb that "adorned" the front of a house-chapel altar at the seminary. Benign, human, more than a little sleepy, it was universally recognized as so like a certain professor that everyone was sure that, were it ever animated, it would bleat nasally, protractedly, and on one note. What did it mean? What did it represent? Why was it there at all?

These sweet little Lambs, and the literature and devotions they epitomize (and for which we accept them as a symbol), may soothe certain souls but do them no good. Lulling beholders into insensibility of their own abject needs and stupendous obligations, the pseudo-piety reduces consciousness of sin and redemption to a muddled sense of inner well-being. I do not suggest that extraliturgical devotions and church decoration should not rest men's minds, offering respite from troubles and humdrum existence; my objection is to deceit and false complacency, representing man's need as emotional rather than for *conversion.* Churches in other times offered refuge to the care-worn, and more than a ring in the door or altar made them places of sanctuary: statues, pictures, prayers refreshed minds and hearts. But the realistic craftsmen and clear-minded prayer-makers did not seek to sheathe truth, piercing as any two-edged sword, in the rock of delusion:

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theirs were different from today's churches and from the cinema houses so many of the latter resemble. Of old the worshipper went to church for strength to take up the cross and the sword and the plow, he did not go to be drugged, sent Lethewards, by devotional opiates. That was before the advent of "Let's pretend" devotions, before the era of "Winnie the Pooh" piety.

> These, he said, have come here out of the great affliction, they have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. And now they stand before God's throne, serving him day and night in his temple; the presence of him who sits on the throne shall overshadow them. They will not be hungry or thirsty any more; no sun, no noon-day heat, shall fall across their path. The Lamb, who dwells where the throne is, will be their shepherd, leading them out to the springs whose water is life; and God will wipe away every tear from their eyes. (vii, 14-17)

What Saint John wrote of the consolation of the heavenly kingdom can in some measure be true of the kingdom on earth. In the churches we contemplate him who was slain and is glorified; we go to the altar-throne from which flows strength; we march forth led by the Shepherd-Lamb (this mixing of images is distasteful to the modern, dry, mechanistic mind, but there it is whether we like it or not). This is a far cry from going to church to seek prettiness and softness, to sigh a while, to count wounds and tears for wonderment and indulgences for self-indulgence, to sing some stupifying hymn ("Now We Tuck You In For The Night, Baby Jesus"), and then to go back into hostile society with an emotional hangover for shield and the thin blade of complacency for weapon (and whatever graces God gives *gratis* for good intentions).

The old axiom *Lex orandi, lex credendi* works both ways. Central truths of the faith beget healthy piety; concentration on peripheral details engenders eccentricity of devotion. The fact of the Passion is more important than the details: that is why it was, for more theologically minded ages, the *beata passio*. Mary's *rôle* as she *stood*, upright and valiant, at the foot of the cross, is more important than a catalogue of her pains: for us as well as for her, compassion, fruitful co-operation in the passion, is stranger to hysteria. Our appreciation of the Eucharist, and our hallowing by it, will not be enhanced, I believe, by such protracted exclamations, as I witnessed in a holy hour I had several times to attend, upon the large number of particles in *this* tabernacle, and the tabernacles of the whole city, and of the whole world.

Man-made devotions are the more treasurable and profitable to holiness, their fruits more nourishing, the closer they are to the streams of life that are the sacraments, and the more effectively they give expression to basic beliefs; yet always they remain, aside from the exception no one has a right to make for himself, but corollaries to the God-given means of sanctification. A priest once stationed at one of America's chief novena centers told me of the many reputedly pious women who casually missed Sunday Mass but never the novena. Vestals of a new economy of salvation!

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He is saved who does the Lord's will. Is it not his will that we Christians accept, humbly and gratefully, *his* means of sanctification as primary, and conform our whole prayer-life to their content and spirit? His instruments of sanctification do not come to rest soothingly upon the soul's surface; they strike deep as fire, to make the soul a cauldron of operative love.

It is better to meditate upon the ways of holy childhood and simply to beg their graces, than to breathe mawkish prayers before a cuddly statue. One honors and imitates the valiant Virgin better in the silent accomplishment of a day's menial tasks, accompanied and supported by honest prayer, than by swooning with her in imagination. Or do we prefer fancy to reality? I have a friend who devised a novena to a feather from an archangel's wing: his effort does not appear really fantastic beside devotions he might cite.

The soul of modern man demands accommodations, we are told. The word groped for, I believe, is "compromise," or perhaps "deception." To admit that Catholics today can be satisfied with peripheral pieties is to confess to epidemic neuroticism. To prescribe what can only aggravate the disorder is to be the devil's own physician.

Who should presume to improve upon scriptural concepts and the strong devotional spirit of ages that were nearer the Savior in more than years? The sacramental system, liturgical worship, and such devotions as are informed with its spirit (however up-to-date the terms of their expression) answer the needs of the whole Christian, intellectual and voluntary and emotional, in worship*: these exalt rather than debilitate, give conviction begotten by truth rather than illusion born of sentimentality, they bear on man's will to mold it to the Will that wills his sanctification. They open the pores of man's *being* to the rains of heaven.

Many pious Catholics are not Christian at all, Abbé Croegaert observed. "But they mean well—and they know what they want," comes the ready answer. What an admission of the triumph of subjective aberration over objective truth! Once

* Throughout, of course, I speak, not of mental prayer or of that vocal prayer which wells up within the individual according to his disposition and needs, but of devotions in parish churches, devotions generally accepted by parishioners as models for their own prayer, so that those reverent persons who experience no attraction, or who even feel revulsion, fear themselves wanting in piety and inclination to prayer.

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Christians used to say that hell was filled with people who had meant well, and that they went there doing the things they wanted.

Christianity is essentially sacramental. That is why its manifestations in schism and heresy are farther and farther from its true spirit as they are less and less sacramental. Wholesome Christian piety is also sacramental: in inspiration, in direction, in realism. It answers the needs of the Christian rising out of the Christian *character* (sacramentally impressed) and the Christian *vocation* (sacramentally confirmed and impelled towards realization).

This older view was reflected in the one-time nearness of the feast of All Saints to Easter and in the procession of martyrs' feasts that still follow the day of the Lamb's triumph. Paschaltide renews the triumph of the Slain Lamb and of those who followed wherever he led. What was true of the Savior is becoming true of the saved: slain, they are triumphant. So Saint Augustine could write, and be understood: "And so the passion of Christ is not in Christ alone; and yet the passion of Christ is in Christ alone. For if in Christ you consider both the head and the body, then Christ's passion is in Christ alone; but if by Christ you mean only the head, then Christ's passion is not in Christ alone." This Christ-member parallelism follows from the baptismal character: indeed, the whole Christ-Christian relationship is to be truly seen in the light of the character by which Christlikeness is inaugurated. So too is to be understood the primacy and operation of the other sacraments that, chiefly, bring mankind into conformity with Christ, making men conformable even to his sufferings. So too is to be grasped the Christian's capacity for, capability of, and duty to, Christlike worship: the baptismal character is, as Saint Thomas says, a certain conformity to the priesthood of Christ.

How will the Christian persevere in the vocation to Christlikeness, even unto conformity with the Crucified, if he be malformed mentally and spiritually by a devotionalism remote from the basic realities of the faith, foreign to the sacramental spirit, soft, sticky, escapist?

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We seem to have entered upon a new age of martyrs. In many lands the lambs are bleeding, in shadow and noon-day sun; the signs of the times burst and blaze in frightened skies. Ours are days of terrible realities; they are days for the terrible, exacting, exalting realities of integral faith. In these days young men should see visions, the vision of the Slain Shepherd-Lamb who alone leads to the springs whose water is life. They will see and they will follow when the man-woven veils have been torn away.

Truth makes men free. Vague, unreal, sentimental pseudo-piety offers escape, but only into the abysses of self.

Ought we not face facts? Christianity is a hard religion. It was never intended to flatter vanity or pander to tastes; its purpose is not to make men "feel good inside," but to glorify God (Almighty God, who is no "little" fetish of our personal creation) and save men from so much of what goes on "inside." The Lord called his yoke sweet. But not everything sweet is gooey. And he did say *yoke,* without prescribing blinkers to go with it. Follow me, he invited: he meant with eyes open, and the way he went is the way of the Slain Lamb, which ends in great triumph but makes for no dawdling dream-journey.

"Worthy is the Lamb . . ." Worthy, surely, of more than illusionary and pettily interested devotions. Worthy, rather, of lived praise, effective praise, the praise of those who are mindful of his own impressed character and would become new Christs to repeople a needy earth. "Lord, that we may *see!*"

# Communications

## SUPREME COURT OVERSIGHT

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: The recent decision of the Supreme Court in the case dealing with the transportation of students to parochial schools has evoked some odd criticisms. They suggest that some peculiar views are held by many of our citizens with respect to the intent of the so-called founding fathers in framing certain of the provisions of our Federal Constitution. Particularly do these odd views prevail with reference to the provision which prohibits Congress from passing any law respecting the establishment of religion and from prohibiting the free exercise of religion. The impression appears to prevail in certain quarters that those who framed the first amendment to the Constitution intended thereby to prohibit the enactment of any and all legislation that might in any manner or to any degree encourage or promote the cause of religion. It may safely be said, and in no uncertain terms, that such was not their purpose. On this subject I know of no greater authority than Mr. Justice Joseph Story, the contemporary of Chief Justice John Marshall, with whom he sat on the Supreme Court for a quarter of a century.

In 1833, Story published his classic book of commentaries on the Constitution. In that work he called attention to the fact that every American colony down to the Revolution, with the possible exception of Rhode Island, "did openly by the whole course of its laws and institutions, support and sustain in some form the Christian religion, and almost invariably gave a peculiar sanction to some of its fundamental doctrines."

Moreover, added Story: "This has continued to be the case in some of the states down to the present period, without the slightest suspicion that it was against the

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principles of public law or republican liberty." As to the views of the average American of that era on this subject, Story says: "Probably at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and of the Amendment to it, now under consideration, the general if not the universal sentiment was, that Christianity ought to receive encouragement from the state, so far as was not incompatible with the private rights of conscience, and the freedom of religious worship. Any attempt to level all religions, and to make it a matter of state policy to hold all in utter indifference, would have created universal disapprobation if not universal indignation."

In the light of this clear-cut treatment on the subject by the foremost authority on constitutional law of a hundred years and more ago, it would appear that the charge that our Supreme Court by its decision in the New Jersey case departed from the early views held on the subject by those who framed the Constitution is without foundation.

ROBERT MCWILLIAMS,
*Judge, Superior Court.*

## GERMAN CATHOLIC PRESS

Weisbaden, Gtrmany.

TO the Editors: Since the downfall of Hitler and the arrival of the Allied Occupation Forces we have been endeavoring to rebuild the Catholic press. At one time no less than 375 Catholic newspapers, 200 periodicals and some 200 Catholic publishers were at work in Germany. We had hoped for a rapid revival. Some Catholic diocesan papers have reappeared but they are of an insignificant size.

We have ecclesiastical approval and the permits from Military Government to print, but we are without the very substance, the paper on which to print. We wonder if some kind of organized Catholic help could not be given us from the Catholic people in the United States. We make this appeal to you realizing your generosity and are fully aware of all the assistance and help that you have poured into Germany during these last two years.

We have just received a letter from the Swedish Catholic *Caritas* Organization that we can get paper in Sweden. But money must be sent from abroad to pay for it—because we have no possibility to send it from Germany.

Any response to this appeal should be addressed to Reverend Father Aug. Adelkamp, N. Smetjegatan 24, Stockholm C, Sweden.

JOHANNES M. HÖCHT.

## "THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM"

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editors: I wish to thank Mr. Kiniery for his courteous reply to my own somewhat less than courteous letter in the issue of April 18th. Perhaps I may be permitted to add, however, that whatever sarcasm I may have indulged in was not intended to refer in any way to Mr. Kiniery himself. I had in mind—and I still have—a certain type of Congressman and an even more common type of publicist, which, in my opinion, is camouflaging old-fashioned *laissez-faire* economics under the familiar bunting of simon-pure devotion to the Constitution. I still insist, without the slightest trace of intentional sarcasm, that not everyone who appeals to the Constitution is to be credited with political wisdom, to say nothing of political sincerity.

Coming back to the gist of Mr. Kiniery's rejoinder, may I say that I have read Dr. Edmunds's book and that I find it just about as confusing as did the reviewer in another Catholic journal, *Best Sellers*. I find it confusing for this reason, that I can hardly believe that the author (or anyone else, for that matter) would actually advocate what he seems to be advocating. If I understand Dr. Edmunds correctly, I gather that, for all practical purposes, he is asking, not merely for the improvement of administrative agencies and bureaus, but for their abolition. I also gather that Mr. Kiniery shares this point of view.

Now let's be serious about this matter and let's be very, very specific. Does Mr. Kiniery actually believe that any or all of the following agencies ought to be abolished: National Labor Relations Board, Federal Trade Commission, Interstate Commerce Commission, Securities and Exchange Commission, Social Security Board, or others of equal importance that could be mentioned? If so, does he further believe, in all seriousness, that the Congress can properly carry out its social and economic responsibilities alone and without the assistance of such administrative agencies? If he does, THE COMMONWEAL can ill afford to grant additional space to either of us to carry on this little controversy, for obviously we would still be at it on Judgment Day. We could conceivably spend a year or more, for example, discussing the implications of the following paragraph from "Struggle for Freedom," which I offer as a typical sample of Dr. Edmunds's philosophical and political point of view:

> In the period between 1933 and 1937, the country heard much from Washington about the Constitution being "outmoded," and suited to "the horse and buggy days"; and we heard much raillery against the "nine old men" who composed the Supreme Court. Yet when a truth, whether political, moral, or religious, is once established, it is eternal; and its age should but increase the veneration in which it is held. Can anyone imagine arguing that the Ten Commandments are outmoded as rules of human conduct and self-restraint because they are four thousand years old, and were first enunciated in an age which had not yet seen a buggy? So the great political documents evidencing man's laborious progress upward toward liberty, like Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, enshrine and affirm principles of political justice that are eternal, however much they may excite the derision of ambitious power.

Without defending the "court packing" proposal of the late President, I should merely like to suggest that the cause of political liberty is not advanced by talking as though the authors of the Constitution of the United States were supernaturally inspired.

One other observation. When Mr. Kiniery says that "that's the way we in the Middle West want it to be," he's covering a whale of a lot of ground. As a fellow-

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Chicagoan (on leave), I feel quite free to challenge the statement and to point out, in passing, that Mr. Kiniery's "we" certainly doesn't include the great mass of trade unionists in the Windy City, to say nothing of a lot of my acquaintances from a lot of of other walks of life. I would further suggest that it's probably just a little too early to say definitely what the last elections were meant by the voters to signify. It seems to me, for example, that some of those voters are more than a little disgruntled about the alternative to OPA. In any event, let's not count our chickens until they're hatched.

Finally, Mr. Kiniery seems to be begging the question when he says that the "Constitution intended that the country should be governed by Congress, not by administrative boards." If by that he means to say that administrative boards and agencies derive their authority from the Congress and that it's up to the Congress to see to it that they do not overstep the limits of their delegated authority, that's one thing. If, on the other hand, he means to say that administrative agencies as such are unconstitutional, that's another matter altogether. Suffice it to say that the Supreme Court doesn't agree with this opinion. It never has, and probably it never will.

*The Rev.* GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

# *The Stage & Screen*

## *The Mother Of Us All*

SUBSCRIPTION EVENTS have unquestionably been responsible for a large portion of the season's worth. ANTA's "Experimental Theatre," Lincoln Kirstein's "Ballet Society" have severally been engaged in vanguard stuff, and now Columbia University's "Theatre Associates" have just completed two weeks (one public) of Virgil Thomson's and Gertrude Stein's second Opera. As I think this work must surely hit the Big Street soon, some notes on it are due here and will be perhaps later recalled. I thought the piece was wholly a delight and its performance and working-out admirable. One's only regret is not to have a script to consult so as to pin credit precisely where it belongs. Miss Stein's familiar tendrilled language is here concerned with the affairs of Susan B. Anthony, the 19th century feminist and suffragette. As there is no machinery of logic at work—no plot—but more, a series of interlocking sequential vignettes, one finds that meaning, wisdom, and action in the piece are cumulative rather than immediately established. However, and I think this is very interesting, *character* throughout is not only cumulative but also immediate; and this facet surely leads one to regret that Miss Stein did not employ the stage more often. From the first rise, Susan B. is not only recognized but known, and this is as true of all the historical people: Daniel Webster, John Adams, Ulysses S. Grant, etc. And the more intimate people are almost as quickly learned. A list of the settings (remarkably handled by the University workshop) will be one way to detail the doings: Susan B's Drawing-Room, where she is introduced and later pursuaded again


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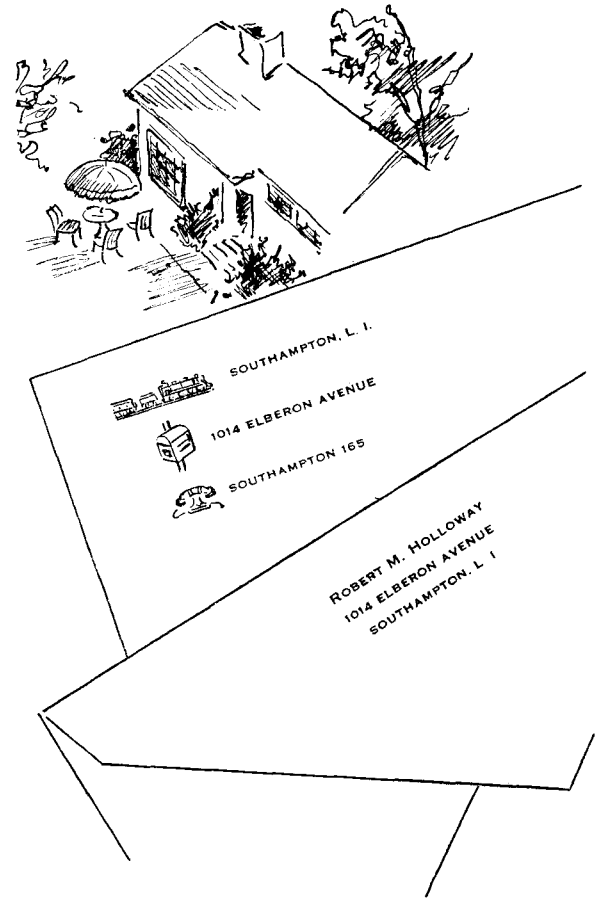


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to take the public platform; the Village Green, where she debates with Webster and reflects upon universal suffrage, celebrity and poverty; Congress Hall, where she is finally unveiled and beautifully sings of her "long life." All this of course interwined with further men and women, and smaller concerns. I imagine credit must go fifty-fifty between Maurice Grosser's scenario and John Taras's direction for activating the piece. It is, as it should be, strolled and sung, rather than acted, but so well schemed that the eye travels as well as the ear. The entire cast, headed by Dorothy Dow, William Horne and Bertram Rowe justified this planning. I wish I could speak more expertly of Mr. Thomson's music. It seemed to me to be especially designed for the words, for each one to be heard and understood—nostalgically, gravely, lyrically. And it also laughs. It is true, of course, that most people have come to realize that the final epithet to apply to Miss Stein is American. Not New England, or Western, or Middle Western—just plainly American. If you omit malice, sneering and scorn, I think it is not improper to call her the Laughing American. Certainly it is the whole round laugh which rings in this Opera. And is to be shared.

KAPPO PHELAN.

## Expectations Realized

ONLY THE most vehement haters of Dickens's novels could dislike the excellent movie made from "Great Expectations." And even they will have to admit that in this story Dickens was less sentimental and more maturely cynical than in his other works. Furthermore the Dickens-haters will also have to admit that this movie has some of the finest and most beautiful cinema they have seen.

For my money, the fantastic plot is as fascinating as it is fantastic; and this tale about Pip, the young man who was snatched from the poverty of his boyhood by an unknown benefactor who led him on with great expectations, is a natural for motion pictures. The situation, in which Pip while trying to be a gentleman succeeds in becoming a snob, is portrayed with cynical realism peopled by a group of fanciful characters. And it is in depicting these characters that this English movie excels.

Although John Mills as the young man who puffs up with great expectations looks a little older than he should, his performance is good. It is not his fault that he seems colorless in comparison with Martita Hunt as the wacky Miss Havisham in her decaying wedding dress sitting before the moldy feast in the cobwebby room, or compared to Finlay Currie as the escaped convict befriended by Pip, or to little Anthony Wager as the wide-eyed and bewildered child who runs across the frightening marshes and plays with Miss Havisham's pretty, proud and insulting ward (Jean Simmons putting her all into these adjectives). Director David Lean has filled his movie with a cast that glows with the warmth of Dickens's people and who might have stepped right from the book's pages: Bernard Miles as Pip's kind, uncouth brother-in-law; Francis L. Sullivan as Jaggers the swaggering lawyer; Valerie Hobson as the grown-up Estella who was raised by Miss Havisham "to wreak revenge on the male sex."

Director Lean does more than give us a series of vivid characterizations through these leads and supporting players (the Aged Parent who appears in one sequence is a sheer delight). He tells a story that holds us from beginning to end and tells it through first-rate cinema. Lean, along with Anthony Havelock-Allan and Ronald Neame, who gave this film its handsome production, wrote the good script; and in directing it he was not afraid to use some of the best cinema technique of the silent days. The camera tells the story. The spoken words and Walter Goehr's lovely musical score are of great assistance, but the camera speaks most eloquently. And aided by nicely designed sets and costumes and an extraordinary cast, this film sparkles as a true motion picture. I'm not sure that its ending with Pip and Estella stepping out together into a sunny future is exactly satisfactory. The future of these two strangely-educated people cannot be too rosy. But then their great expectations could not possibly be fulfilled. Whose are?

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

# Bursting Our Chains

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

WHEN John L. Lewis makes the big headlines now, he is often—unwittingly—serving a highly social purpose. He makes it so plain that in the present stage of economic concentration and interdependence there are a few Americans with the power to set on beam ends the daily lives of most of their compatriots. Several strikes and near-strikes should certainly have brought this home during the past two years.

Since we do not like dictation or interference with the normal course of our existence we have, in desperation, resorted to two allied remedies: restrictive labor legislation and government operation. The first of these (notably the Smith-Connally Act) has proved ineffective if not self-defeating; the second has also intensified the disease by concentrating control still further and thus increasing the chances of nationally devastating mistakes up top.

A third way of confronting our economic system's increasing threat to personal freedom is more radical. It is open either to men endowed with the independence which great wealth brings or to those who base their livelihood on a modest self-subsistent homestead. The rich man and the self-sustaining homesteader can ride out nearly any storm. Unhappily such men comprise only a comparative handful among the nation's one hundred and forty million people. That is why Dr. Nutting's description of his new book* as "a minority report" is just about tops for understatement.

His thesis is clear enough. He believes economic dependence to be the evil of our times—that men are wholly dependent upon other men for the very things they need to sustain life. Because as workers and consumers men are so dependent, and production and distribution are so centrally controlled, the great majority of Americans are directly subject to the actions, mistakes, schemes and even

* Reclamation of Independence. Willis Nutting. Berliner & Lanigan. (Nevada City, Calif.) $3.00.

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the whims of the powerful few who run things in their own often short-sighted interests.

Whereas most of us would feel that this is almost inevitable, Dr. Nutting believes that something drastic can be done. His formula is uncomplicated: the American family should turn its energies to providing many of life's necessities for itself; the local community should provide the rest. In order to reach this point the members of the family must learn to limit their wants, the range of what they consider necessary, to what can be produced locally. Everyone must become less of an employee, less of a consumer; even in rural areas there must be far less selling and buying; what is essential is more production of food, clothing and the rest on a man's own homestead. The local community should organize cooperatively to produce what cannot readily be made on the premises at home.

It does seem a bit strange that on the average an American potato travels 800 miles to get from where it is dug to where it is eaten. But the reform which Dr. Nutting preaches has more to it than a few hills of potatoes in every backyard. Withdrawal from the slave-producing economic system involves the stoicism of doing without many mass-produced goods and services, resourcefulness leading to acquisition of a debt-free home on good farm land, the enterprise of accumulating the basic tools for garden, kitchen and workshop (and learning how to use them efficiently). It calls for a new type of American pioneer. And in such a movement key rôles are reserved for the technician, legal adviser, teacher and publicist.

According to this view we are doomed to abject servitude unless we succeed in being independent of the world outside our neighborhood for our food, shelter and clothing. What are the clarion notes for the "Green Revolution" then? It is an appeal to all whole-hearted devotees of human freedom. It calls for resourcefulness, the hardest and dirtiest kind of hard work. It envisages the widest use of modern tools and small machinery and appeals to man's latent creative sense.

Yet I cannot see how under present conditions it will catch on to any appreciable extent. We are wedded to the brand names which advertising has hammered into our skulls, drugged by movies and the radio, flabby of muscle and of mind and incurably optimistic that somehow things will work out right. Food does come high but we must have our oranges and grapefruit; and, for instance, why not let the Imperial Valley grow most of the lettuce the American people use if someone out there is smart enough to do it? What we need is leisure-time fun (swimming, tennis, golf or riding in the country) to refresh us after the daily wear of plant or office. Urbanites that we are, we could never persevere to the point at which the satisfactions of home production and craftmanship begin to come. Life is too short. And it is so easy to pick up whatever food we need at a chain store super-market.

Rents are high but thus far landlords have been held in check by rent control legislation. And price tags are too high right now for places in the country, anyhow. Clothes cost too much, too, but all we have to do is wait a little while longer; prices will get back to normal. Our "old rags" will last indefinitely. So why all this fuss and feathers?

No, the Green Revolution, does not seem destined soon to have a real mass base. It is unrealistic to expect that *enough* well-fed people will pull up stakes to lessen the

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threat which any large public utility strike embodies. The basic industries will continue to have us somewhat at their mercy. National lethargy in these matters does not mean, however, that the idea is unimportant. The United States is far better off for the existence in every sector of energetic men and women who have struggled to achieve comparative freedom for themselves, their families and their communities. If only a tiny élite pays heed to Dr. Nutting's warnings it is all to the good. For he has presented both logically and forcefully the dangers of the road along which we are aimlessly stumbling and the virtues of the mountain trail we might take.

# More Books of the Week

*The Quest. R. V. C. Bodley. Doubleday.* $3.00.

COLONEL BODLEY, the old Etonian author of "Wind in the Sahara" and "The Messenger" (a life of the Prophet Mohammed) lectures in this country as a Muslim, who has lived as an Arab amongst Arabs, and has been accepted by them. Yet, when in *partibus nostris infidelibus,* in these Christian countries, he considers himself still the Anglican he was born, and often attends choral matins. It is this urbane adaptability which makes him unique, and gives "The Quest" its astonishing flavor. For there are few people, and far, far fewer English people, who could get under the skin not only of Arabs and Americans, but also—and apparently equally—of Javanese, Chinese and Japanese, not to mention White Russians and South Sea Islanders, as Colonel Bodley does. He wrote "The Quest" as a reply to two questions he is constantly asked at the end of his lectures: "Why did you leave the Sahara? and "What did you do when you did?"

He left the Sahara, he tells his readers, because he had fallen in love with it, and he wanted to prove to himself that he *could* leave it—while he still could. And still he was so entirely happy there, he wanted also to discover if that happiness was inside him, or inside the Sahara. So he accepted the invitation of a rubber-growing Dutch friend in Java, who bade him park his car on the quay at Algiers, take a boat, and come.

His description of the boat is bad Waugh, though he is obviously right about Orientals and Occidentals, and his point about the questionable taste of "The Sacred Cow" as a name for the President's airplane (it is as if the chief Hindu executive called his plane the Holy Ghost "which, incidentally would be much more appropriate a name for a flying machine than Sacred Cow") is a good one.

He has some admirable comments about color-bars, and his insistence that people of all races have an inalienable natural right to marry each other is good Catholic dogma, but he is funnily hoist with his petard when, after much excellent sermonizing on this theme, he "went to join my half-caste in the dining-room." He meant Mr. Stockvish, we presume? His descriptions are excellent; the reader can hardly wait to start for Java, and the Colonel's sympathy even for plants (he is sorry for the shrubs and trees at Kew having to see the sky through windows, and not being able to feel the dew and the rain) makes him describe the various trees and flowers he meets as though he had talked with them, and understood them as he understood the natives. Here is a rubber garden: "the tall, straight, beechlike trees grew in symmetrical lines like soldiers on parade. They grew with dignity, and their leaves were greener than any leaves anywhere. Sometimes the parade climbed up and down hills, sometimes it stood motionless in immense plains. Sometimes it surrounded little kampongs with their sentinels of feathery coconut palms. And then suddenly it stopped. The limits of the estate had been reached. A little beyond the formal cultivation the aggressive, untamed timber of the jungle seemed to look down and jeer at the disciplined trees with their scarred trunks."

He had a lovely life. Whether staying with Kostman, who "was close to Nirvana" because he was "physically and serenely occupied with looking after his estate . . . mentally and ecstatically satisfied with his paintings," or with the ragged and bearded aristocratic beachcombers of Yap; whether teaching English in the Japanese University of Keio in Tokyo, or visiting with Angus Fraser in Manchuria. He says, however, tantalizingly little about some of his most exciting adventures: Mr. Tanaka whom he describes as head of the Japanese foreign office, was surely, the author of the Tanaka Memorial and is too briefly mentioned. The Colonel's accounts, too, of the Great Wall, and of Malanyü, are exciting hors d'oeuvres of descriptions, which whet the appetite for more; more too about the lamp with sufficient oil to burn for ten thousand years, about the dragon doors and lacquered coffins suspended by golden chains. He is wonderfully able to laugh at Colonel Bodley: his picture of himself in arctic skiing clothes preparing for a shipwreck in the South Seas of which he was guilty, is really funny, as is his tale of solemnly teaching class upon class of Japanese students, in English, all he knew about the Brontës, only to find after some silent weeks that none of them had understood one word, but because he was a guest in their country and they were his hosts, they could not embarrass him by the admission of their ignorance! The thumb-nail sketches of Pekin legation society, and especially the Angora *versus* pussy feuds, are entertaining, but to boast of having enjoyed Edda Ciano's favors seems slightly too omnamorous, while the accounts of the opium-den love-making or of the author's ardor for Miss Virginia Cowles, uncooled even by a typhoon, are a trifle off-color.

More than half the book is about Japan, and, as a study toward the comprehension of that complex race, it is absolutely first-rate and should be required reading for all the educators the United States is pouring into the conquered country. The volcano's crater, down which the unsuccessful students throw themselves unmourned by their companions, and which tourists descend in asbestos boxes to view the corpses caught on the rock ledges and tinted all the colors of the rainbow by the sulphurous fumes, seems horribly like some of the things John Hershey described. While Mr. Takaku's gentle remark that though an author was not known to a publisher, this did not prevent the author having feelings which would be hurt if his mss. were rejected, is in the best Lafcadio Hearn tradition. Colonel Bodley's quest was for inner peace. He states, early in his book, that he never imagined it needed a geographical locality, nor that it was contingent upon an escape from reality; anyone can have peace of mind, he declares, who will give himself a chance. He makes it sound wonderfully like

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inner cleanliness, something akin to a daily pinch of the Kruschen salts he remembered to take with him even whilst being ship-wrecked; which is hardly surprising in one for whom Commodore Perry's landing on Japanese soil was an event "only equal in importance to the Crucifixion or the birth of Mohammed."

ANNE FREMANTLE.

*A Little Treasury of Great Poetry. Edited by Oscar Williams. Scribners.* $3.75.

MR. WILLIAMS'S own introduction to his "Little Treasury of Great Poetry" is disarming enough; he makes it obvious that if an anthology is to be taken as an authoritative selection, this book is not meant to be an anthology. It is a one-volume selection of a large number of Mr. Williams's favorite poems, British and American, from the past seven centuries; and he offers it as a convenience for those who would carry a good provision of verse and still be traveling light. This book, in the same handsome format as his "Little Treasury of Modern Poetry," is all that he wishes it to be.

As far as the selections are concerned, bickering is useless in a project of, at once, this scope and this modesty. I wish only that Mr. Williams had not used the word "great" in his title and in his introduction; he can be inviting some idle quarrels. But even if I wished to be perverse about Mr. Williams's choices, I should find, among the omissions or inclusions in his 766 pages of verse, surprisingly little to challenge. And, in any event, Mr. Williams's taste is not only good but so lively and fresh that even when I disagree with it, its operations almost always have an interest of their own.

For small points: I must grumble again about Mr. Williams's light-verse section, which here he calls "A Little Treasury of Jabberwocky." It runs to some rather vainful limericks and an elfin sort of humor, lacking both the robustness of really low comedy and the sting of really high comedy. (I am puzzled, by the way, to find "Frankie and Johnny" in this section; I am pleased to find it in the book but I find it a very sad story and should have placed it in another section.) Too, the running-head subdivisions ("The Devotion to Something Afar from the Sphere of our Sorrow," "Up the Airy Mountain") sometimes interfere with my reading of the poems; they are helpful in locating poems only half the time, and often—when they are vague and poetic—they seem to sentimentalize the text.

But I started to say: this is an excellent book to have. As in all Mr. Williams's anthologies there is an atmosphere of ease and enjoyment; almost the presence of a gentle and cheerful host. His juxtapositions of old poems with new poems bring both to new life, and nothing he touches, whether Chaucer or Yeats, is unaffected by his verve. Every choice, no matter how inevitable it may seem at last, seems quite special. We are fortunate to have this book and its editor.

HENRY RAGO.

*New Writing and Daylight. 1946. Edited by John Lehmann. New Directions.* $3.00.

LIKE ITS OWN publications, the London printing of John Lehmann's annual collection of new British and European writing which New Directions has imported for distribution here is an unusually attractive and pleasantly unbulky volume. Its contents are for the most part less pretentious and less relentlessly avant-garde than the contents of similar collections made in this country; and more consistently interesting. Especially recommended are the symposium on the Future of Fiction (actually, of the novel) by Rose Macaulay, V. S. Pritchett, Arthur Koestler, L. P. Hartley, Walter Allen and Osbert Sitwell; Keith Vaughan's short but illuminating piece on Paul Klee; André Gide's tribute to Paul Valéry; Michael Ayrton's lèse-majesté regarding Picasso; Alexis Solomos's discussion of the contemporary theater in Athens; Edith Sitwell's analysis of the subhumanity of Iago. Fiction ranges from neo-Kafka (William Sansom) to neo-romantic (Noel Devaulx); the poetry section especially favors the Greeks.

DAVID BURNHAM.

*The Life of Neville Chamberlain. Keith Feiling. Macmillan.* $6.00.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN once affirmed his famous father's belief that "a man's life should be written before he is forgotten." His family apparently shared that view and placed all of Chamberlain's papers at the disposal of Keith Feiling, the author of two competent histories of the Tory Party. The Chamberlain family did not wish to see the book before publication, but Feiling's admiration for his subject actually made censorship unnecessary. This badly-written volume, completed in 1944, is, thus, a quasi-official biography, peculiarly lacking in perspective. But it is valuable for its use of Chamberlain's diaries and journals and of his weekly letters of political commentary to his sisters.

The early sections cover ground made familiar by Garvin's life of Neville's father, Joseph. The dynamic figure of Joseph dominated the shy young Neville who spent seven lonely years as a sisal planter in the Bahamas. This difficult venture strengthened Neville's self-absorption and reliance but, equally important, it was a dismal failure. Later, during World War I, he displayed great talent in the government of Birmingham. His vision and sympathies were not broad, but his policies reveal the greater social responsibility of British as compared with American and French businessmen. Eminence brought him an invitation to join Lloyd George's cabinet as Minister of National Service (1917). In this bear-garden Chamberlain was a complete failure. He had administrative competence and could make good plans, but he could not shift and improvise in the bureaucratic muddle of wartime.

To the general reader, the account of Chamberlain's career in the twenties will be confusing. Feiling keeps his subject *in medias res* and provides the reader with insufficient background. He does, however, give a brief but interesting account of Chamberlain's part in forming the National Government (1931). As Chancellor of the Exchequer Chamberlain was happiest. Even his later concern with foreign affairs and defense was shaped by his financial policies. He believed that he had helped England recover from the depression and, though aware of the need of greater armaments, was reluctant to jeopardize British recovery by heavy defense spending. Chamberlain had no foreign policy, for simply to avoid war is not a policy. Feiling does not make that judgment, but he provides ample material for it. In 1937 Chamberlain believed that collective security did not exist, that alliances were undependable and that isolation was impossible. He noted that concessions would not win Hitler from war. Feiling's most consistent defense of

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Chamberlain's concessions is that Britain was not sufficiently armed to stand up to Hitler. But Chamberlain also restricted the arms program so that Britain would have never been strong enough to stand up for its interests. When it had to, it was terribly ill-prepared.

Feiling's account of Chamberlain in the thirties is rather partisanly Conservative on such subjects as collective security, Spain, and the Sudeten question. The author mistakenly prints as evidence of general esteem many formal compliments which Chamberlain received and which are notoriously lacking in frankness. But the book gives a good picture of its subject, who appears as conceited enough to believe that he not only knew all the maxims of statesmanship but acted on them. It is also useful for its many but brief glimpses of the misguided, mediocre and vicious characters who echoed our world into disaster.

M. A. FITZSIMONS.

*Eclipse of Reason. Max Horkheimer. Oxford. $2.75.*

THE THESIS of this book is stated at the outset as an effort "to relate the current impasse in philosophical thinking to the concrete dilemma of the human outlook for the future." The author begins his reflections with a distinction between subjective and objective reason. The former is the faculty of classification, inference and education, concerned with means rather than ends. If it does concern itself with ends, they are taken for granted as serving the subject's interest in relation to self-preservation. Against this view is objective reason, concerned primarily with ends, a comprehensive system, a harmony of relations in the light of which man must live to be happy.

The contemporary world has left this Platonic ideal, relegated reason to a subordinate position and made it a tool for the accomplishment of any given end; it sets no ultimate pattern, it claims no life as a spiritual power living in each man. Objective reason replaced traditional religion with methodical philosophical thought, taking a definite stand on the content of dogmas and asserting the possibility of an insight that should itself determine the moral and religious decisions of man. In the end, he points out, what the philosophers of reason killed was not the Church but metaphysics and the objective concept of reason itself, which was the source of power of their own efforts; until speculation came to be synonymous with metaphysics and metaphysics with mythology and superstition. Finally, in John Dewey, reason has become completely harnessed to the social process; its rôle in the domination of men and nature has been made the sole criterion.

In the light of this emasculated concept of reason, the statement that justice and freedom are better in themselves than injustice and oppression is scientifically unverifiable. Guiding ideas such as liberty and democracy became exclusively dependent upon the so-called interests of the people and these are functions of blind or all-too-conscious economic forces. The individual is no longer protected from a tyranny masquerading as a people's government; the cherished ideas which hold a society together have been undermined by what the author calls the formalization of reason.

In this general analysis one can find much to support and one waits expectantly for a fitting conclusion. But one waits in vain. He is highly critical of the pragmatists who have destroyed the pattern of reason; he is equally

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critical of the neo-Thomists who have defended the harmony of reason. In the agony of crisis he offers only "independent thought," "philosophical awareness of these processes" (the evolution of the concept of reason), the development of "the function of philosophy as mankind's memory and conscience," "the method of negation, the denunciation of everything that mutilates mankind and impedes its free development," "enlightenment and intellectual progress" by man's emancipation from fear.

Critical of pragmatism as a mere executive agency and as a dull apparatus for registering facts, he finds neo-Thomism to be an artificial renaissance, striving to keep intact the letter of the original doctrines but by that fact distorting their original meaning, and compromising with existing evil. At no point does he support these far-reaching conclusions with reference to or quotation from any neo-Thomist. He is content to guess that Saint Thomas, if he were living today, faced with modern scientific concepts, would either condemn science for philosophical reasons or turn heretic. Again the Catholic will be surprised to learn that "Neo-Thomism is little concerned with belief in the Mater Dolorosa for her own sake—a religious concept that has been the inspiration of so much great European art and poetry. It concentrates on belief in belief as a good remedy for today's social and psycological difficulties." Hesitating a little at the extent of this generalization he adds, "to be sure there is no lack of exegetic efforts devoted to 'the wisdom that is Mary'" but he quickly fortifies himself with the remark that "there is something artificial in these efforts." Some allowance must be made for the fact that these reflections were given originally as public lectures but, if as he admits, "some of the most responsible historians and writers of our day are Thomists," surely one can expect more precise arguments than these vague and unsupported generalizations.

This book abundantly exemplifies the dilemma of the modern intellectual. In the present anarchy of ideas we are offered only negation and independent thought which brought us where we are. Systems and authorities are ruled out a priori. The persistent insight, which insists to men throughout the ages, that there is a pattern and a meaning to human life, and that that meaning is God, who both caused us and holds us in being every moment, is to him escapism, prompted by fear. The ominous prospects of our civilization may indeed arouse fear but a program prompted by fear is not necessarily vitiated thereby. It may bring salvation, as a ship leaves a dangerous harbor to meet the storm. Indeed it is written the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, though it is also written, love is the fulfilment of the law. The author takes for granted that to replace autonomous reason by the authority of a dogma is illusion; but, of course, it depends entirely on whose authority we are given the dogma.

EDWARD LITTLEJOHN.

*This Tremendous Lover. M. Eugene Boylan, O.C.R. Newman Bookshop.* $3.00.

"THIS book is an attempt to outline the love story of God and man, which achieves its consummation in the unity of the Whole Christ; and to show that the spiritual life is a partnership between God and man which can be summed up in one word: Christ," writes the Cistercian author in his preface. In a chapter entitled "Seeking Christ In Prayer," he writes that the book is

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written for the laity as well as for priests and religious, and particularly for "those whose condition has already been determined by circumstances or by their own choice, and especially those who are married, or intend to get married." Thus it will be seen that the group to which the work is addressed is perhaps not sufficiently circumscribed for the writer's ease or the reader's, for it is difficult to speak on the interior life to persons very differently conditioned. In the reading lists in the Appendix, in the chapter, "Marriage and Holiness," and throughout the text, the author shows himself to be so marvelously cognizant of the layman's position, that one wishes he had written altogether for those outside the religious state. The layman, he says, "is, so to speak, his own superior" and "has to choose his own adviser and use considerable prudence in accepting his advice."

Like Saint Francis de Sales, the author of these pages evidently believes that, even if no adviser is at hand, God will direct a soul by means of prayer and spiritual reading. He insists that, more in our day than at any previous time, spiritual reading is necessary as an incentive to prayer and a preparation for it. Since so much in modern life tends "to concentrate our whole attention on the passing moment, one must recognize that there is an urgent need for some personal effort to restore the balance by keeping the realities of eternity before the mind and by making oneself see the present moment in its true context."

Roughly divided, the chapters would fall into two parts: the first concerned with the reasons for our relations with God and their nature, the second with the means of making those relations more intimate through the use of prayer, the Sacraments, daily spiritual reading, humility, abandonment and confidence. The prayer recommended at least verges on the contemplative, although there is nothing in its description to frighten the tyro; one feels that the author knows the weakness of all when he writes, "prayer is so essential to our spiritual life that we should never let it be associated with the idea of burden," and he believes in prayer that is so short and natural and happy that it entices one to continuous communing with God.

Not so lucid as the writings of the French who have influenced the author, nor so moving as the writings of his favorite, the Portuguese Father Thomas of Jesus, the text has, nevertheless, a drive all its own: a force begotten of conviction. And the use of quotation is supremely successful: there are generous excerpts from Saint Augustine, the *Summa* of Saint Thomas, the writings of the Council of Trent, and from the present Pope's Encyclical, *Mystici Corporis Christi*. The quotations from the Scriptures are perfectly chosen and placed to carry weight in the text, especially those from Saint John and Saint Paul, the torch-bearers for all Catholic mystics.

D. H. M.

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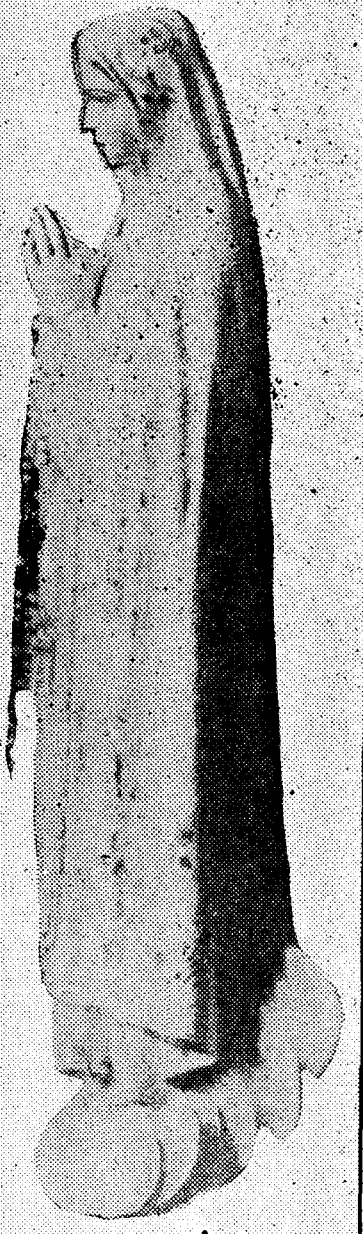

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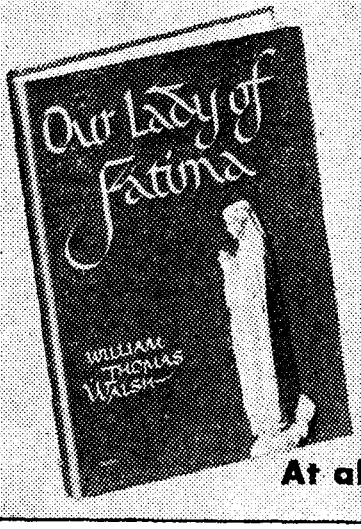


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